

Poesia

My Mystery Book

Pa: Roland W. Peterson

There it lay on the book shelf
Gathering dust
I often wondered what's inside that book on the shelf
I have to open it...I must.

It was out of reach
No, mommy said, some day, one day I will teach you
So my curiosity grew
Was it something that she knew

Every time I came into the room
My eyes and thoughts were on this book
My imagination took me places
There it lay in the gloom
What for mystery is there in this book
This book, this book...I must have a look

So there it lay
This mystery book on the shelf
Out of my reach
Shhhhst...mommy will teach you
Some day, one day

I have grown up I was told
I am already six years old
So today I must have a look
Inside this mystery book

So there on the book shelf it lay
It has to be today
When no one was aware
I pulled up the chair
Now the mystery book was within my reach

As I pulled it from the shelf
My little hand trembled
What could there be
In this mystery book for me

It is heavier than I thought
As I wiped it clean with my hand
I huddled into the corner of the room
My little heart was pounding

So...there you are
Come, supper is ready
As I placed the mystery book on the table
Mommy smiled and said
Today...Today may as well be the day
She opened the book
And for the first time we started to pray

Now, at supper I always remember
the mystery book when I pray
I also have come to realize
That it's not a mystery book
It's the book that works in mysterious ways.